THE ALMA RECORD.

Miss C. M. Fleming, Editor and Prop.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 1887.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot notice anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. And correspondents should write upon one side of their sheet only.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The RECORD is one of the best mediums for advertisers in Gratiot County, being a welcome visitor to nearly every home in this part of the county and towns adjoining, but to insure insertion the same week, advertisements should be handed in not later than Wednesday noon.

Lansing Letter.

LANSING, JAN. 11, 1887.

The agony is over; the much-vexed question is settled, and Frank B. Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, is the gentleman who will take Senator Conger's place in the U. S. senate when the old war-horse retires next March, as there is no doubt the action of the caucus will be confirmed on the 18th inst.

Frank B. Stockbridge was born at Bath, Me., and is in his 61st year. In 1847 he came west and embarked in the lumber business in Chicago. He afterwards bought and operated extensive mills at Saugatuck, Mich., residing there until 1864. In 1869 he represented the second Allegan district in the State legislature, and in 1871 was chosen to represent his county in the state senate. In 1874 he moved to Kalamazoo. In 1876 he was appointed U. S. minister to the Hague, but did not accept on account of his wife's health. Since that time he has held no office, giving his attention to his varied business interests. He has always been a strong Republican, ever ready and liberal when an emergency arose requiring pecuniary or other aid. The colonel is immensely wealthy and has one of the finest residences in Kalamazoo. He is a man of the people, easily approached, and popular with all who know him.

Undoubtedly the success of Col. Stockbridge's candidacy is largely due to the indefatigable efforts of S. S. Olds and Wm. Van Buren, of his city, who are indisputably hustlers of the first order. They had able lieutenants in Robt. Smith, of the Ithaca Journal, Will Smith, of Grand Rapids and "Jim" Monroe, of Kalamazoo.

No one on earth could have done more to push forward the candidacy of Senator Conger than did Gen. Wm. Hartsuff, of Port Huron. What the general don't know about political manipulation ain't worth bothering about. He has held office and pulled wires for the last 20 years, and it is safe to say he seldom pulled the wrong wires or pulled at the wrong time. It was he who, in the contest of political giants, welded the straggling Congorites into a solid phalanx, and though he was out numbered he was not out generaled. It did seem to the casual observer that about all the "solid men" of the seventh congressional district had struck Lansing and were doing their level best for Mr. Congor, but I am persuaded that it was Gen. Hartsuff, cool, calculating schemer that he is, whose masterly leadership brought the defeated veteran so near reelection.

I think most of those who attended the late Republican caucus will agree with me that Senator Lewis G. Palmer from the 23rd district (Mecosta and Montcalm counties) is one of the finest orators in the legislature. He most effectually aired his eloquence in the caucus in behalf of Col. Stockbridge, and certainly made a very favorable impression. He has a clear accentation, a full chest tone without the slightest harshness, a remarkable command of language and no paucity of ideas. Besides he is immensely popular with all who know him.

In witnessing the closing scenes of the caucus my mind recurred vividly to the pathetic story of Reinzi, the last of the Roman tribunes. Despite the fierce internecene strife of the Colonna and Orsini he had given to the Roman people a republic, liberty and unexampled prosperity. Ere his life closes by the ruthless dagger of the assassin we see him on the balcony of the capitol, from whence his magic eloquence had often stirred the hearts of the multitude below. As he sees the murderous throng climbing the palisades and clamoring for the life that had been spent in their service the eyes of Reinzi are involuntarily filled with tears—not that "the noblest Roman of them all" dreads what is before him, but he poignantly feels the ingratitude of his misguided countrymen. Had Senator Congor been permitted to speak before the caucus proceeded to a ballot I verily believe he would have been reelected. It seemed to me during his speech the faces of more than one showed signs of regret at having thus cast the old man heartlessly aside. But their vote was beyond recall. When the throng came for congratulations Senator Congor stood alone, unheeded and almost unobserved, while the throng crowded around Col. Stockbridge and showered upon him their compliments, anon making cruel and cutting remarks anent the defeated senator, which he could not help overhearing. In a few moments someone said something especially galling, and Mr. Congor, with great tears in his eyes and a look of most intense pain upon his face, stole silently out from among them and disappeared.

Senator Jay A. Hubbell is quite a fellow, and manages to make himself seen and heard at a public gathering if he is anywhere within a block of the vicinity. He is one of those semi-omnipresent individuals who, on an occasion like the late Republican senatorial caucus, somehow seems to divide himself into a varity of chunks of political keenness and thus present himself in a number of places almost simultaneously. During the caucus he attracted attention by skipping about, nimble as the feline species, with an unlighted cigar between his teeth in which position the weed still remained when your correspondent retired, as though firmly secured in its place by an application of Spalding's prepared glue.

Daniel P. Markey, of Ogemaw, speaker of the house of representatives, is quite a young man yet, being but 29 years of age, and is probably the youngest man ever called to that responsible position. He is an Ingham county boy, having first sampled paragoric in the township bearing the historical name of Bunkerhill. He is bright and active and a thorough parliamentarian, and his friends declare he will not stop till he has acheived still greater honor and distinction than his present victory gives him.

If Representative Ramsey did not secure the speakership he don't propose to let his defeat impair his usefulness on the floor of the house. He will introduce a bill to make the selling of Bohemian oats and "sich" a state prison offence, and if the bill should become a law many an honest though gullible farmer will have occasion to rise up and call him blessed.

The executive board of Knights of Labor held a prolonged session in this city last Thursday, at the Commercial house, the purpose being the mapping out of plans for the guidance of the K. of L. members of the legislature, and the appointment of a committee to remain in the city during the session and keep a weather eye upon any and all legislation bearing upon labor interests. After discussing the whole question thoroughly, it was decided that no such action should be taken, but members should be trusted to do their duty faithfully in all matters affecting labor interests. Every reasonable, right thinking man will concede that labor has rights which legislatures are bound to respect, and every justice-loving citizen will be pleased to know that the laborer—who is the bulwark of national prosperity and progress—is being fairly dealt with. But should such watchfulness develop into espionage it would not be astonishing should some members evince a spirit of resentment. Notwithstanding this is a day when "bossism" flourishes like the green bay tree planted by the river side, there may be members possessed of a sufficiently recalcitrant disposition to offer actual objection to anything savoring of dedication. There are cases on record where men have kicked vigorously against irratation of this nature; and therefore, the Knights and all other organizations having in view such measures will do well to make haste slowly.

Senator Babcock, of Sanilac, proposes to push his prohibitory constitutional amendment through both houses at the most rapid rate such things can possibly attain, and expects it will take about ten days to do the work. If he fails in this he will introduce a square food prohibitory [illegible] Maybe the senator will succeed and maybe he won't; but in the meantime he pretends to "stump" himself.

MAC.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our thanks to the friends who have so kindly aided and sympathyzed with us during the illness and death of our Mother.

MR. AND MRS. B. F. MILLER.

The Ballinger, Texas, *Bulletin*, a frontier journal, thus photographs its quarters: "Press room, compositors' cases, sleeping apartments for four, dressing room, sanctum and business office all combined, and all included in four box-style walls which compose a single room 12 by 16 feet. This is the manufactory of those newspaper pellets which we issue weekly under the label of the *Bulletin*. The editorial chair is an inverted pinewood box, ornamented with an artistically engraved chromo, beneath which is the suggestive inscription: 'Polly wants a cracker,' while our writing desk is a single short board laid across the west end of an overgrown Saratoga trunk. Is it any wonder that there is a very perceptible vein of imbecility running through our editorial and local pages?"

A DANGEROUS BUSINESS.

A Steeple-Climber Tells How He Became Accustomed to His Work.

With bated breath and upturned faces a large crowd stood the other day watching a man who was slowly ascending the steeple of an up town church. He seemed to go over the delicate scaffolding like a snail. The crowd below were expecting every moment to see him fall. When he reached the end of the scaffolding and stood upon a piece of framework that looked in the distance as if it was about a foot square, he leaned far over and shouted something to another workman about half-way down. The spectators shuddered but could not take their eyes from the little climber who had left the scaffolding and was still going up the steeple. When he reached the top he remained for a few minutes, examined the steeple on every side, and then retraced his steps. When he got safely back to the scaffold he waved his hand to the people and smiled. He went to the top of the steeple several times in the course of an hour, and every time a crowd gathered.

"You think it hazardous?" said the steeple-climber to a reporter when he came down to the ground. Though he looked so small when in the air, he was considerably above the average height, slim and wiry, all bone and muscle, with a clear, steady eye and hand, and perfect confidence in himself. His eyes sparkled as if he was in love with the work, as he continued: "People who are not used to being at great heights and who feel dizzy when a few feet from the ground, naturally look with wonder upon a man working high up in the air, and think that he must feel as they would. I probably go upon more steeples and other elevated places to adjust ornamental designs than any other man in the business, and I feel just as much at home standing on a narrow board two hundred feet from the ground as I would on a rock. I feel a perfect sense of safety and never think of falling.

"But I was not always without fear. When I first began the business I always started up the scaffolding with trembling legs and a quaking heart, and many times I have not gone to the top but returned with some excuse for not going up just then. An old man who had been a climber in his day saw me on one of these occasions when my heart was weak, and gave me a bit of advice that cured my faintheartedness in time. He said when starting up always to fix your mind intently on the work you are going to do, and keep every thought of fear, or that something is going to happen, out of your mind. This was just the thing, and I have found from experience that it is thinking about fear that makes a man afraid, and overcaution has given many a poor fellow a tumble, where boldness and seeming recklessness would have carried him through all right. There are only a few expert climbers. Hundreds quit the business in a short time because they can not overcome their nervous dread. I have seen stout-hearted fellows who would march up to a cannon's mouth without a quiver, when they got to the place where the scaffolding ends and from which point they would have to 'shin' to the top, try to step up, but a ton of lead had been hooked to their foot and it would not go up an inch.

"I have known men who when they got into a ticklish spot would have black specks come before their eyes which would move up and down in a circle, and they would fall down and hug a plank like a long-lost brother. Their heads would seem to be in a whirl. This is where a man gets 'rattled,' and it requires the greatest exercise of the will to overcome this feeling. I have felt this way many times, and even now I sometimes have a sudden desire when on the pinnacle of a steeple to jump off, but I always laugh at the idea and it goes away as quickly as it comes. A man who drinks stimulants is out of place on a steeple, where a false step will send him headlong a hundred feet or more below. So also is a fat man, for a climber must be light, agile, and muscular. Dark-haired men with swarthy faces usually make the best climbers."

"Does it prevent dizziness when going to a great height to keep the eyes turned upward?"

"This is a popular notion, but there is nothing in it except that the attention is turned from the idea of falling, and this will keep a man from stumbling. But the place for the eyes is upon the road to be traveled to see that everything is in position. A high wind sometimes renders scaffolding unsafe and if a man had his eye on the sky he would never see it."

"Did you ever fail?"

"I've had many narrow escapes but only one good fall. This was about seventy feet. I had a sick child home and was thinking about her and was absent minded. I started off sideways between the scaffold and steeple and in two or three seconds I was at the bottom. I thought I would be killed, and in a second my whole life flashed through my mind and also the future of my family and how they would all look after the children were full grown. I knew that I was bumping against the timbers of the scaffold, but there was no pain and I was overcome apparently by a soothing influence and never had a more pleasant journey in my life. It seemed as if I was falling for hours. I knew when I struck the bottom and felt a shock at the sudden stop, but it was not disagreeable. I had enough pain afterward, though, and it took about six months to patch up my body. Both arms and one leg were broken. I made up my mind to give up the business when I got well, but in a little while the old fascination came back and I went to climbing again."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Ernesto Rossi, who is said to have performed in 350 cities, is writing his memoirs. It is stated that the book will allude to a correspondence between Rossi and the late King Ludwig II. on the subject of a performance which the King had asked him to give for his exclusive benefit. It is said that Rossi replied to the King's invitation: "I should gladly play gratis before a million spectators, but I could not make up my mind for millions to play before a single person."

Colonel Stanley's Romance.

On the day at Yellow Tavern, says the Cheyenne *Leader*, when the riders of the South followed Stuart's plume into the hurtling death storm of fifty guns, Colonel Stanley rode boot to boot with the great cavalry leader. As the smoke thickened and the iron storm swept with redoubled fury through the ranks of the charging gray, Stuart raised himself in his stirrups and broke into the words of his favorite song, "The Dew is on the Blossom." The mellow voice of the charging leader was the Colonel's last remembrance of the onset. A grape-shot tearing through his right breast hurled him from the saddle, and he made one of thousands stretched upon that bloody field.

When next his eyes opened they looked upon the surroundings of a Richmond hospital cot. At the side of the cot sat "Mammy," the negress who had nursed him as a baby, amused him as a child, attended him as a youth, and followed him to the battle field. Learning that her young master and foster child had fallen, "Mammy" had followed by the dim light of the lantern, through half the night, the awful track of that terrible charge. Mangled limbs, shattered breasts, contorted features, and blood-bedabbled locks paled the lantern's feeble gleam at every step, and brought to the cheek of the negress the peculiar ashen hue lent by terror to the dusky skin of her race.

At last the right heap of the slain was reached and "Mammy" drew from it the bloody form of her young master. Tenderly she cared for her foster child, and rested not until he was beneath the surgeon's care. For long months the desperately wounded soldier lay in Richmond Hospital, devotedly nursed by the old negress. When at last he left his bed he was in no condition to resume his place in the service. On a furlough he passed a year in Italy, and with the hue of health once more upon his cheek and the strength of manhood in his arm, hastened back to strike a last blow for the Confederacy. Participating in the closing shocks of the great conflict, he rode in that last effort of desperate courage, by which Gordon's cavalry cut their way through the encompassing Federal ranks.

Here he received the saber cut whose grim and livid trace still marks his features. In the cabin of a Virginia mountaineer the Colonel recovered from his second wound, and then made his way out of the country. Locating on the Brazilian diamond fields, still attended by the faithful "mammy," he was fortunate from the first. He soon had a fortune in his possession, and selecting Southern California as his future home, he purchased and stocked a ranch, and has since led the free and independent life of the plains.

"And now," said the Colonel, in conclusion, "would you not like to see 'mammy?'" "Most assuredly," was the reply, and to the Colonel's call there came forth an aged and bent negress. "You see," said the Colonel, "she will not leave me." "Not," said "mammy," until the Lord calls."

The Next Time His Wife Irons.

The husband of a well-known literary woman tells a story with considerable gusto. He wet his straw hat the other day and got it somewhat out of shape. Passing by the store of the hatter who sold it to him, he stopped and asked whether it could be got back into shape again. "Easily enough," said the hatter; "the next time your wife irons let her moisten the brim and run her iron over it. It'll come out perfectly straight." The gentleman is afraid that if his hat waits until "the next time his wife irons" it will remain out of shape a long time.—*Boston Record.*

The French Government has ordered 7,000,000 cans of beef from a Chicago house for consumption by its soldiers. Germany will now think herself called upon to order 8,000,000 beers. Bismarck doesn't propose to allow all Gaul to be better prepared for war than the Fatherland.—*Rochester Post-Dispatch.*

At various times for fifty years smoke has been seen issuing from the swamps of Florida, and every conceivable theory projected to account for it. The swamp is impassable, but men have penetrated very near to where the smoke ought to be. There, however, they could see no sign of it. It is even claimed that some have gone directly through it without knowing it, and Judge White, an aged citizen, is positive he was once within five or six miles of it, when it was perfectly plain. So the weight of scientific opinion is that it is a vapor collected by peculiar conditions in the great swamp, invisible, of course, to one in it, but opaque to those a few miles away. We all love mystery, however, and so the common voice runs that an opening in the swamp discharges a blue smoke from some underground source.

Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, who is now at school in England, gets $2,500,000 under the will of the late Comtesse de Chambord, and Carlos' younger brother, Don Alphonso, a Papal zouave, gets a similar amount. Don Carlos himself gets $5,000,000 and Frohsdorff, and as his mother is worth more than $20,000,000 it is evident that he is in no danger of poverty.